

A  
F A I R Y  
T A L E

Inscrib'd, to the Honourable

Mrs. W-----

With other P O E M S,

---

By Mrs. HOLT.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Burleigh, at *Amen-Corner*, and  
*Arabella Morice*, next Door to the *Rose Tavern*  
without *Temple-Bar*. 1717.

(Price Six-pence.)

A  
F A I R Y  
T A L E

Inscribed to the Honorable

Mrs. W. 46

632

With other P O E M S.

By M. Holt





*Sent with a pair of China Basons.*



OR fear your Ladyship mistake  
 And these for common China take,  
 Forgive if I presume in Verse  
 Their little Story to Rehearse,  
 Sing who were by, when they were wrought,  
 And with what Blessings they are fraught,

*Titania* Queen of Fairy-land  
 Who Crowns the Dance and leads the Band,  
 When o'er the Hills and Lawns they pass  
 In wanton Circles on the Grass,

B

Their



*A Fairy Tale.*

Their airy Footsteps only seen  
By rising Flowers and livelier Green,  
Prefer'd within her Royal Breast  
Two happy Elves above the rest,  
*Pansy* and *Mineau*, friendly Pair  
Were all her Joy and all her Care,  
Not *Oberon* himself more dear.

And they did well her Love deserve,  
Greatly affect and gladly serve;  
From the odorous Breath of *May*,  
From dawning of a Summers Day,  
They Sweets and Colours wou'd prepare,  
And Garments Weave for her to wear.  
They knew where subtile Vapours slept;  
Where Seeds and Hoards of Fire are kept.  
And when the Conscious Moon withdrew  
Her faded Glories to renew,

They'd



They'd Cheer the fullen Face of Night  
With great Variety of Light ;  
Pieces of Touchwood they wou'd bring,  
And all around the Meadows fling.  
Touchwood, in scorn of Nature bright,  
Awkwardly Gay with uncouth Light,  
Age and Deformity made Fine,  
The Jest of every thing does shine.  
Then all the Glowworms they cou'd pick  
They wou'd in op'ning Blossoms stick ;  
Glowworms, discern'd by Native Beams,  
Terrestial Stars of living Flames.  
Contriving thus a paler Day,  
That she might Revel, Dance and Play.  
Then they wou'd get to make her Bed  
The softest Down the Blowballs shed,

When after Dancing she wou'd shun  
The Milk-Maids and the glaring Sun,  
An Orange Bud to raise her Head,  
And Lilly-leaves for Sheets they spread ;  
The Quilt and Curtains wou'd surprize  
The nicest Beaus enquiring Eyes,  
Made of the Wings of Butter-flies.  
By Muses on *Parnassius* caught,  
So various and so neatly wrought,  
The mitie Loom, the Indian Dye,  
Needle and Pencil they outvy.

But here your Ladyship may say,  
What's all this to the Basons, pray,  
Alas, my Muse is apt to stray ;  
But I'll endeavour to prevail  
That now she shall pursue her Tale.

*Oberon*

## *A Fairy Tale.*

5

Oberon lov'd *Titania* well,  
Which was the Cause of what befel,  
His great Diversion was to strole  
With *Robin Goodfellow*, his Drole,  
To see the Pranks that he wou'd play  
In leading Knaves and Fools astray ;  
Thro' Pits and Ponds and Brakes and Briars,  
By help of his phantastick Fires.  
The Jealous Wife, that fierce does roam,  
To seek her Spouse and Rate him home ;  
The Midnight sot, the am'rous Swain,  
Who lonely, wandring o'er the Plain,  
Courts or defies his Nymph in vain,

Laughing at these, while *Oberon* stay'd,  
One Night the Elves a frolick play'd,

A



A little harmless, hum'rous Scene,  
Meant only to divert their Queen:

*Pansy* a Hat and Feather took,

A haughty Step, an angry Look,

A Gorget, Sword and seeming Scar,

And she wou'd be a Man of War.

*Mineau* assum'd the tender Beau,

And all the gay Machine did show,

A Cane, a Languish and a Patch,

A diamond Snuff-box, emerald Watch,

With heaps of Toys, bright Eyes to draw,

Such as *Charles Mathars* never saw.

And thus equipt, their Suit they move,

As Rivals for *Titania's* Love.

*Pansy* rallied, brag'd and swore,

And talk'd of wrongs and reeking Gore,

## *A Fairy Tale.*

7

Of Battles, Seiges, Beauty, Flame,  
Of Love and Danger, Death and Fame.  
*Mineau* but little had to say,  
Dumb Signs were best of *Mineau's* Play,  
She ogled, sigh'd, and very oft  
Wou'd whisper something wondrous soft,  
Flirted her Fan and prest her Hand,  
Then sad, with folded Arms did stand,  
Now seem'd with hopeless Passion wild,  
Now view'd herself and bow'd and smil'd.  
The Hero seiz'd with open Arms,  
And vow'd to rife all her Charms,  
The Beau sat trembling at her Feet,  
As forry and asham'd to see't.  
*Titania* laugh'd, her Elves to hear,  
Nor dreamt of any Mischief near.

But

But oft we find, to tempting Mirth  
Detested Sorrow owes its Birth ;  
For led by some unlucky Power,  
*Oberon* reach'd the Jocund Bower,  
And met, alas, with pale surprize  
A sight, that blasted both his Eyes,  
In hostile Arms, he view'd his Fair,  
Saw her Carefs the mimick Pair,  
Nor guess'd from whence, or who they were :  
His Voice Choaks up, his Brain turns round,  
His Feet are rooted to the ground,  
His Features Change, his trembling Hands  
Refuse t' obey what Rage Commands.  
But all that he did undergo  
Attempt not, gentle Muse to show,  
His fury and his vast distress,  
None but the Jealous can express.

The



## *A Fairy Tale.*

9

The Queen perceiv'd his erring Grief,  
And fearless flew to his Relief,  
The Elves threw off their thin disguise,  
And stood Confest before his Eyes,  
Sullen and Slow, he took the Jest,  
At length reclining on her Breast,  
I see, he said, my rash mistake,  
That thou art True and I am Weak,  
But for these who have made me prove  
The bane of Life and hell of Love,  
These shall know what 'tis to bring  
Though undefign'd, Shame to a King.  
From this lov'd Place, these fav'rite Fields,  
From all the Sweets that *H—n* yeilds,  
To barb'rous *India* strait repair,  
Thither I banish you a Year,  
That past, return and meet us here.

©

This

*A Fairy Tale.*

This vex'd *Titania* to the Heart,  
Ah me, she cry'd and must we part,  
My cruel *Oberon* has spoke,  
And what's decreed I can't revoke,  
But come unto my Arms once more,  
Take all my Love and half my Power,  
Feed on the Tasts that never pall,  
Drink of the richest Dews that fall,  
Fair, Royal Infants be your Prize,  
With W——s Hair and W——s Eyes.

Adieu they cry'd, lov'd Queen, adieu,  
'Tis only hard to part from you,  
But since pronounc'd, it must be so,  
Without a murmur, see we go.

Now

## *A Fairy Tale.*

11

Now if some *Zephir*, then abroad  
O'ertook them travelling his Road,  
As he was going for Perfumes  
Exhal'd from Spices and from Gums,  
And on his Wings to th' Eastern Shore  
Wafted their lighter Bodies o'er.  
They there arriv'd, howe'er convey'd,  
And thro' those unknown Regions stray'd,  
Where to delude the tedious Hours,  
And forget their H——n Bowers,  
They to Work themselves apply'd,  
Rice they sow'd and Tea they dry'd.  
Threads of Cane they did with Care,  
Braid into Hats, that Queens might wear.  
The Silkworms Web they reel'd and dy'd,  
Short-liv'd Slave to humane Pride.



That rising *Indians* still amaz'd  
Upon their Nightly Labours gaz'd,  
But of all they learnt in th' *East*,  
Painting China pleas'd them best,  
The *Basons* did their Task fulfil,  
And last employ'd their matchless Skill,  
When *Pansy* smiling rais'd her Head,  
And to her Fellow Exile said,  
Since all our hateful Days are past,  
And the White Morn draws on at last,  
That we by *Phosphors* friendly Light  
Early shall take our happy Flight,  
Let these, our latest Work, receive  
Something that's worthy us to give,  
Agreed quoth *Mineau*, so it lie,  
Not in the Form but Quality,

And

## *A Fairy Tale.*

13

And for some Lady be design'd,  
In Honour of our Queen and Kind,

Here I begin, this Stroke as well  
Shall serve for Ornament, as spell.

Fair as the Virgin Snow-drop blows,  
Blushing as the opening Rose,  
Her Complexion ever be,  
Who oft shall wash herself in Thee.

*Pan*, I with this mystick Branch, pursue  
A Charm which nothing can undo.

All the Joys of Peace and Health,  
All the Pomp of Power and Wealth,

Lull

Lull her Repose and fill her Train,  
Whose Cabinet shall Thee sustain.

*Min.* Ten Thousand Graces let her Wear  
In her Motion, Shape and Air,  
For at least an Hundred Years,  
Who shall call this Bafon hers.

*Pan.* Faithful Memory, folid Sense,  
True Wit, perfwafive Eloquence,  
Dwell with that Fair, nor know decay,  
In whose Poffeffion thefe fhall ftay,  
But hark, the Swallows are awake,  
And we with them our Way muft take.

To



*To the Honourable Mrs. Egerton on  
her Marriage, February the 16th,  
1717.*

**F**ROM those blest Regions, where the Sun  
Equal divides the Day and Night,  
Where he his even Course do's Run,  
With friendly Heat and lasting Light.

From Mirtle Hedges, Orange Shades,  
From Bowers that blossom all the Year,  
From Cedar Woods and fragrant Meads,  
Where Tuberoses as Weeds appear.

From thy lov'd Home, without delay  
Hither, bright Goddess of the Spring

Yet

Yet e'er thy time, pursue thy Way  
And all thy Treasures with Thee bring.

For *Emma's* Brow a Wreath prepare,  
*Emma* at *Hymens* Altar stands,  
Since Thee and *Zephir*, such a Pair  
Have not put on his grateful Bands.

Thy self in beauteous *Emma* see,  
Thy every blooming Grace she Wears,  
Enlivens and transports like Thee  
All Hearts wherever she appears.

And like Thee may she still be found,  
Thus lovely in unfading Youth,  
With all thy Blessings see her Crown'd,  
Health, Mirth and Tenderness and Truth.

But

But now the sacred Rites are done,  
Oh *Flora* hast and strow the Way,  
See Fame and Virtue guide them on,  
And spotless Loves about them play.

Honour and Wealth bear up their Train,  
While joyous Hours a numerous Throng,  
In circling Measures o'er the Plain,  
Come Dancing to the Muses Song.

Here at their Feet thy Garlands lay,  
And yearly from thy various Store,  
Upon thy golden Wings convey  
To each, a good unknown before.

D

To



*To Colin from a Masquerade.*

**F**ROM Musick one wou'd think design'd  
On purpose to untune the Mind,  
From Mirth even *Momus* wou'd disdain,  
And Wit below a Criticks Vein,  
From Friendship feign'd and Love uncouth  
The shame of Age and scorn of Youth,  
From noisy Nights and thoughtless Days,  
From all that *Colin* wou'd displease,  
Tir'd with vain Pursuits I come,  
Contented to be dull at home.  
Say faithful Friend, whom most I prize  
And knowing, half, the World despise,  
Has *Boreas* lock'd up all his Train,  
And *Neptune* smooth'd the restless Main ;

Have

# POEMS.

19

Have smiling *Cupids* spread the Sails,  
And seen them fill'd with prosp'rous Gales.  
That *Tritons* safe to shore may bring  
The Fair whose welcome I shall sing,  
Whom by your Flame inspir'd I chuse,  
To be at once my Subject and my Muse.



*In the Habit of a Gipsy to the Right  
Honourable the Lady D----*

**M**Adam turn this Way and View,  
One of *Egypt's* wand'ring Crew,  
Who skill'd in Destiny's short-hand  
At sight can Read and Understand,  
Every Palm and every Eye,  
As I'll show you presently,

D 2

If

If you doubt my Art or Race  
Look upon my Tawny Face,  
No Walnut-leaves were us'd to me,  
'Tis all pure Nature which you see,  
Then extend your snowy Arm,  
And suspect not any Harm.

The Mount of *Jupiter* looks well,  
And many Blessings do's foretell,  
By this *Sextile* you shou'd be  
Truth and Generosity,  
The line of *Life* is deep and long,  
Your Table large and Mercury strong,  
Here Wisdom and here Wealth appears,  
Here Grandeur and here length of Years,  
The *Via Lactea* plainly shows  
Women never were your Foes,

But



But do Justice to your Name,  
 Your Merit own and spread your Fame.  
 How high you've Virtuous Freedom priz'd  
 How many Hearts you have despis'd,  
 I cou'd tell might I go on,  
 But you Frown and I have done,  
 Shutting thus the gentle Book,  
 I to Night no further Look.



*To a Lady from the Country in 1709.*

**F**lavia you desire to know,  
 Where I am and what I do.

Cheerful and Healthy here I dwell,  
 In a little homely Cell,

From

From whence the World wou'd tempt in vain,  
I all its faithless Charms disdain.

What e'er Concerns the busy Town  
Whether *Sempronia* Smile or Frown,  
If Whigs or if the Tories reign,  
Or who insult or who complain,  
In this retreat gives me no pain,  
Who 'tis the Marriage Noose puts on  
And fondly hasts to be undone,  
Or who convinc'd of their hard Lot,  
Implore kind Fate to break the Knot,  
I have not heard or have forgot.  
What Nymph the truest Slave can boast,  
What happy Fair the Kit-Kats Toast,  
Who at the Ring does brightest shine,  
Employs no wand'ring thought of mine.

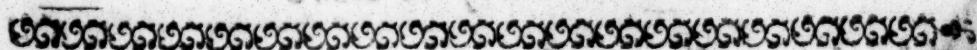
If gaudy Opera's still thrive,  
Of if the Tragick Muse revive,  
If *Rich* and *Bracegirdle* agree,  
Or part, 'tis much the same to me.

With some lov'd she early to Rove  
Thro' a large adjacent Grove,  
To take thro' Fields our trackless Way,  
Or in delightful Gardens stray,  
To me are Joys without allay.  
Unpal'd I pluck'd from every Tree  
The changing Years Variety,  
I here the Birds where e'er I walk,  
And smell the Flowers on their Stalk,  
The living Glories of the Field  
To me Ten Thousand Glories yield,

The



The rural Sports, the Bowl of Cream,  
 The trifling Chat, the humble Theam,  
 A few Choice Books to improve my Mind,  
 Friends Sincere and Neighbours Kind,  
 Secure from Flattery or Strife,  
 These harmless Pleasures Crown my Life.



*On a Bird.*

**S**urprizing Talker, feather'd Rational,  
 Whom even the Phoenix might Superior call,  
 'Twas such a one as Thee inspir'd the thought,  
 Whence great *Pitthagoras* his System wrought,  
 And Transmigration to the People taught.  
 Thee had *Descartes* seen, he had confest,  
 His learn'd mistake and to thy Fame been just,

Both

Both Sense and Reason he to Thee had given,  
And own'd thy Soul of Kindred Race from Heaven.



*To the Honourable Mrs. Skipwith  
from the Isle of Ely.*

**H**A D *Dryden* left me his immortal Lyre,  
Or had I *Waller's* Skill or *Afra's* Fire,  
*Addisons* Genius, *Virgil* of our Isle,  
*Garths* happy Turns, or *Priors* flowing Style,  
To Thee lov'd Maid I wou'd direct my Lays,  
And with fit Notes record thy lasting Praise,  
Each hour the Muse fresh Tribute shou'd prepare,  
Thy dear, thy matchless Charms be all my Care,  
I'd teach the list'ning World to bless thy Name,  
And every Language shou'd translate thy Fame;

E

But

But I the meanest of the Muses Train,  
 The pleasing Subject oft attempt in vain,  
 For tho' unskill'd, among the rural Throng,  
 Still *Lucelinda* fills my artless Song.  
 I tell to every Nymph and Swain how fair,  
 How wise, how good, how excellent you are,  
 When in the Grave, Cold and forgot I Sleep,  
 Each spreading Tree your Memory shall keep,  
 To all that thro' these desert Plains shall go,  
 This endless Truth their wounded Barks shall show  
 Lovely as *Venus*, as *Diana* Chast,  
 , Bright *Lucelinda* every Nymph surpass.



*A Letter to a Lady.*

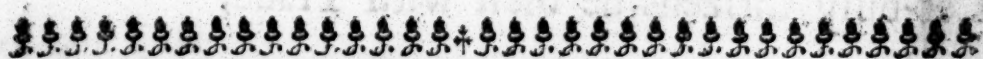
**N**OT drooping Age for the reviving Spring,  
 Not fading Beauty for the Wedding Ring,  
 Be-



Benighted Travellers for the nighest Road,  
Nor rural Ladies for the newest Mode,  
When the Winds Rage and the rough Billows Roar,  
Not you for your lov'd Father safe to Shoar,  
E'er sigh'd with truer Care, wish'd with more Pain,  
Than I to see your pleasing Form again,  
Let Country Squires their fellow Beadles view,  
And from the Morning to the Evening Dew,  
With hungry Joy the flying Game pursue:  
Let busy Citizens be blest with Trade,  
And C——I with the Midnight Masquerade,  
More Hearts soft *Amoretta's* triumphs Crown,  
Than flame or bleed on her embroider'd Gown:  
Charm'd with himself, before the spacious Glass  
Let fair *Narcissus* all his Moments pass,  
Admire his Cloaths how Elegant they fit,  
And Span his Waist as slender as his Wit.

Let

Let Misers hoard the Gold they dare not use,  
 Give *Mammon* every thing his Soul will choose,  
 Glad Health, good Wine, loud Mirth, cheap  
     Love, long Ease,  
 And *Martio* give a Frolick and a Chaife,  
 Near Beauteous *Flavia* let me ever be,  
*Flavia* alone is every Joy to me,  
 Blest with her Smiles I shall grow pleas'd and proud,  
 And envy none of all the happy Crowd.



To Mr. Wren my Valentine Six  
     Year Old.

Since the good Bishop left his Name,  
 And Men and Maids kept up his Fame,  
 Since Birds in honour of his Day  
 Married and went no more astray,

No

## POEMS.

29

No she cou'd boast a Valentine  
Lovely and Innocent as mine,  
He has such a charming Face,  
A Form so faultless, such a Grace,  
That with some Wax or filken Strings  
Fasten but on a pair of Wings,  
Poets and Painters wou'd mistake  
And him for very *Cupid* take,  
Then he has Wit at will and can  
Pose the Wisest Learned'st Man,  
Artful as *Cooper* he can plead,  
And he can bow with any Reed.

Oh when e'er you'll be as good  
As if you pleas'd and try'd you cou'd,  
All fretful, Childish Tears give o'er  
And love your Book a little more,

Cheerful



## POEMS.

Cheerful and still at Dinner sit,  
 Renown'd for Manners as for Wit,  
 And softly round the Chamber creep,  
 When your grand Pa Pa's asleep,  
 Where cou'd be found a Youth so fine,  
 As my charming Valentine.

F I N I S.



IA